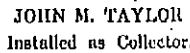


WHOLE NUMBER 8,725.

Newport Historical Society.

at his home, suffering from an at



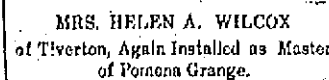
A Good Ice Cream

ice cutters have

Mr. W. Gardiner Stockwell is Newport Hospital suffering from a nervous breakdown. A few weeks ago he and his wife and twin babies died, and Stockwell has suffered greatly from the strain.

The annual communication of Paul's Lodge, No. 14, A. F. & M. will take place next Monday evening.

Colonel and Mrs. Herbert Bl observe the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage on Saturday next, January 31st.



Mrs. Max Levy has returned New York where she has been v

service, at Town Hall, \$1.13, at o
Town Clerk, \$1.37, at residence o
Sergeant for five months, \$5.
quants for expenditures in behai

feet, \$134. Total \$190.00.

The Marshal

BY
Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews
Author of The Perfect Tribute
The Better Treasure, etc.
Illustrations by ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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CHAPTER XXIV.

Brothers.
Colonel Hampton's study was dark from floor to ceiling with brown oak wall-papering and was lighted by a dull brightness of portraits. An ancestor in a scarlet coat, the red turned yellow and brown with time; an ancestress in dimmed glory of blue satin and lace and pearls; a judge in his wig and gown, gave the small room importance. A broad window looked through bare branches, leaf-black against sky, across a rolling country and groups of woodland.

On the morning of the first day of April, 1837, Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte stood at this window, staring at brown fields and trying to trace a likeness between this new world and the ancient country which he called his; France, where, since he was seven years old, he had been allowed to spend but a few weeks; France, which had freshly exiled him; France, who thought of which ruled him, as he meant one day to rule her; France, for whom he was calling his heart out to-day, as always, thousands of miles from her shores.

He recalled the happy life at Arensburg, in Switzerland, and the work and play and soldierly training which all pointed, in the boy's mind, to one end—to serve France—a service which did not at that time mean sovereignty, for the Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon's son, was alive and the head of the house of Bonaparte. He thought of his short career, his and his well-beloved brother's together, with the Italian insurgents against the Austrians, and the lonely man's heart longed for his own people as he went over again that time of excitement and sorrow, ending with the older boy's death at Fort and his own illness and narrow escape from capture.

"What a mother!" he cried aloud, tossing up his hands with French demonstrativeness, as the memory came to him of the days in Ancona when he lay at death's door, hidden in the very room next that of the Austrian general, saved only at last by the marvelous mother's wit and courage. The doorway through Italy to France, that was drama enough for one life. Recognized at every turn, betrayed never, and ending with—Prince Louis smiled his slow dim smile—a sitting ending, indeed to days whose every minute was adventure. He thought of the landlord of the Inn, the old cavalryman; the young Frenchman—Beaupre—that was the name; it was set in his memory; had been in that tenebrous memory since an afternoon of 1824, when a runaway schoolboy prince had slipped over the Jura, and played with three other children, about a ruined castle; he saw Francois Beaupre take reverently in his hand the sword which Napoleon had held—and then the alarm! That was a fine sight—the dash of the youngster through the startled mob of Austrians; the flying leap to the horse; the skilful to get free, and, at last, the rush of the phoebus. He had seen it all, watching quietly while his mother and the landlord implored him to hide himself. That young Frenchman—if he should be alive—if ever he should meet him again Prince Louis would not forget. It was psychological that he should have been thinking this when a knock sounded deferentially on the door of the room. But picturesque coincidences happen in lives as well as on the stage; in Louis Napoleon's there was more than one. "Entrez!" he called sharply, and then, "Come in!"

The door swung slowly and Aaron, white-aproned and white-cyeballed, stood in it.

"Marsie Prince," he stated with a dignity of service which crowned heads could not daunt, "ole Marsie sen me bring you dis hater Marsie Bopray."

A light figure stepped before the black and white of Aaron, and halted, and bowed profoundly. The light from the window shone on his face and the dark immense eyes that lifted toward Prince Louis, and for a moment he stared, puzzled. Was he in the present? Surely this man was part of the past which he had been reviewing. Surely he had played a role in the prince's history—where? With a flashing thought into the years he knew.

"Mon ami!" cried Louis Bonaparte, and spring forward and stretched out both hands, his royalty forgotten in the delight of seeing a face which he called his youth and his mother.

Francois, two minutes later, found himself standing, bursting with loyalty and pride, with the prince's hands clasping his, and the prince's transformed face beaming on him.

"Mon ami!" cried Louis Bonaparte, and spring forward and stretched out both hands, his royalty forgotten in the delight of seeing a face which he called his youth and his mother.

"You rode like the devil," said the prince. "But the Austrians had the horses. That poor bleu-bleu! How did you get away? Where have you been? Mon Dieu, but we looked for you, Zappi and I!"

"But no, your highness, I did not get away," smiled Francois Beaupre as if imparting a joyful bit of news. "They caught me."

And he told briefly his story of the five years in prison, of the desperate escape, of the rescue and voyage to America, of his wretched health, not yet re-established. Through the account shone the unconquerable French gaiety. Another thing there was which a Frenchman and a Bonaparte could not fail to see—that the thought of his service to the house of Bonaparte had been a sustaining pride, and the hope of future service an inspiring hope.

Superstition and gratitude laid hold together on the prince's troubled mind. He threw himself back into Colonel Hampton's leather arm-chair, throne-like in impressiveness and size; the mask of impassively closed on his colorless features.

"But there, Monsieur," he ordered, "and tell me your life."

Simply, yet dramatically as was his gift, the young man went over the tale which he had told to Lucy Hampton, that and more. And the prince listened to every word. He, too, had the French sensitiveness to theatrical effect, and his overwrought imagination seemed to see the hand of destiny visibly joining this story to his. Here was a legacy from Napoleon, an instrument created by his uncle, which he, the heir, should use. There was a long silence when Francois had finished, and Louis' deep-throated voice broke it.

"One day perhaps a marshal of France under another Bonaparte," he repeated thoughtfully. "It was the accolade, the old right of royalty," and gazed, reflecting, at the other man's face.

Heightened color told how much it meant to Francois Beaupre to hear those words spoken by the prince.

"My prince, I will tell you—though it may be of little moment to know—that it is not for my own advancement that I care. It is the truth that I would throw away a hundred lives if I had them, to see the house of Bonaparte rule France. It is only so, I believe, that France can become great once more. We need heroes to lead us, we Frenchmen, not shopkeeper kings such as Louis Philippe; if it has not a hero the nation loses courage, and its interest in national life. But the very name of Napoleon is inspiration—it prickles the blood; a monarch of that name on France's throne, and our country will wake, will live. You, my prince, are the hope of the house of Napoleon."

With a quick step forward he threw himself on his knees before the quiet figure in the throne-like chair; he seized the prince's hand and, head bent, kissed it with passion. There was a line of color in each cheek as his face lifted, and his brilliant look was shot with a tear.

"If I may die believing that I have helped to win your throne, I shall die in happiness."

Prince Louis had his mother's warm heart, and this went to it. He put his hand on the other's shoulder, familiarly as if the two were equals, known.

"The brotherly touch on Francois' shoulder was withdrawn, and with gentle dignity, with a glance, the prince lifted him to his feet, and Francois stood happy, dazed, before him. He found himself telling his plans, his methods, his efforts to fit himself for the usefulness that might be on the way.

"I have studied enormously, my prince. All known books on warlike subjects, all I could borrow or steal I have studied. Ah, yes! I know much of these things."

Louis Bonaparte, with an exhaustive military education, a power of application and absorption beyond most men in Europe, let the gleam of a smile escape. He listened with close attention while Francois told of his organization of the youth of the neighborhood into a cavalry company, and of their drill twice a week.

"And you are the captain, Monsieur?"

Francois smiled a crafty, worldly-wise smile—or perhaps it was as if a child would seem crafty and worldly-wise. "No, my prince," he answered, shaking his head sagely. "That would not be best. I am little known, a foreigner. They think much of their old families, the people of these parts. So that it is better for the success of the company that the captain should be of the nobility of the country. One sees that. So the captain of the company is Monsieur Henry Hampton, the younger, the kinsman of Monsieur le Colonel, and a young man of great goodness, and the best of friends to me. Everything that I can do for his pleasure is my own pleasure."

The prince turned his expressionless gaze on the animated face. "Mademoiselle Lucy likes the young Monsieur?"

"But yes, my prince—she likes every one, Mademoiselle Lucy. It is sunshine, her kindness; it falls everywhere and blesses where it falls. She loves Henry—as a brother."

"As a brother!" the prince repeated considerably. "Yes, a brother. You find Mademoiselle Lucy of—of a kind disposition?"

"Beyond words, and most charming," Francois answered steadily, and flushed a little. He felt himself being probed. With that the facile, mysterious, keen mind of the prince leaped, it seemed, a world-wide chasm. "That most winning little girl of the ruined chateau of Vloques—our playmate Alike—you remember how she talked, I am Alike, and was at once shipwrecked with embarrassment?"

"I remember," Francois said shortly, and was conscious that he breathed quickly and that his throat was dry, and that the prince knew of both troubles.

"Is she still 'Alike'—the same Alike?" inquired the prince, turning tentatively to the window. "Has she grown up as sweet and fresh and brilliant as a flower as the rosebud promised?"

Francois, hearing his own heart beat, attempted to answer in a particularly casual manner, which is a difficult and sophisticated trick. He failed at it. "They say—I think—she has—oh, but yes, and—I think—she stammered and the prince cut short his sufferings. "Ah, yes! I see that it is with you, as with Monsieur Henry, a case of devoted brotherhood. You love her as a brother—you will not boast of her."

"You have done well, Chevalier Beaupre. You have done so well that when the time is ripe again—it will not be long—for Strasburg, must be wiped out in success—that I shall send for you to help me, and I shall know that you will be ready. I see that the star which leads us both is the only light which shines for you. It holds your undivided soul, Chevalier—I am right!"

Francois turned his swiftly changing face toward the speaker, drawn with a feeling which swept over him; for a moment he did not answer. Then he spoke in a low tone.

"When a knight of the old time went to battle," he said, "he wore on his helmet the badge of his lady and carried the thought of her in his heart. A man fights better so."

And the silent prince understood.

CHAPTER XXV.

How Lucy Told.

The prince was gone. There had been festivities and formalities, great dinners, gatherings of the Virginia nobility to do honor to his highness at Roanoke house and elsewhere; everywhere the Chevalier Beaupre had been distinguished by his highness' most marked favor. And Lucy Hampton's eyes had shone with quiet delight to see it and to see the effect on her father. For the colonel, confused in his mind as to how it might be true, reluctantly acknowledged that there must be something of importance about this Chevalier Beaupre, that a prince should treat him as a brother. He believed that it would be best to treat him—also—at least as a gentleman. So the French lessons were continued and the Jefferson troop was encouraged, and Francois was asked often to Roanoke house. And as the months rolled on he tried with every thoughtful and considerate effort to express to the little lady of the manor his gratitude for the goodness of her family. It troubled him more than a little that the early friendliness and intimacy of Harry Hampton seemed to be wearing off. The boy did not come so often to Carfax, and when he came he did not stay for hours, for days sometimes, as was his way at first. He was uneasy with his friend, and his friend wondered and did not understand, but hesitated to push a way into the lad's heart. "He will tell me in time," thought Francois, and, sure of his own innocence, waited for the time.

Meantime he was going home. Going, much against the advice of the Norfolk doctor, who warned him that he was not yet well or strong, that the out-of-door life in the mild Virginia climate should be continued perhaps for two years more, before he went back to the agitation and effort of a Bonapartist agent in France. But he could not wait; he must see his old home, his mother, his father, and all the forgotten faces. He longed to watch the black lashes curl upward from the blue of Alike's eyes. He longed to hear her clear voice with its boyish note of courage. It would put new life into him, that voice. It was seven years now and more since he had left them all at a day's notice to go to Pietro in Italy—to a living death of five years, to many unendured of happenings. The fever was on him and he must go home.

There was to be a celebration for the new and very fashionable cavalry troop of which Francois was the unofficial backbone and author. In the great grassy paddock at Bayly's Folly the proud mother of eighteen-year-old Caperton Bayly—first Lieutenant, and the most finished horseman in the Virginia country—had invited the gentry from miles about to feast with her and to watch her son and his friends show how the Chevalier Beaupre had made them into soldiers. They came in shoals, driving from far off over bad roads in big lurching chaises, or riding in gay companies, mostly of older men and girls and young boys, because all of the gilded youth were in the ranks that day.

When the drill was over there was to be rough riding and jumping. Hurdles were swiftly dragged out and placed in a manner of ring.

"This one is very close to the bank," said Lucy Hampton, standing by Bluebird and watching as the negroes placed the bars. "If a horse refused and turned sharp and was foolish, he might go over. And the bank is steep."

"Lucy, you are a grandmotherly person," Clifford Stewart—who was another girl—threw at her. "You would like them all to ride in wadded wool dressing gowns, and to have a wall padded with cotton batting to guard them." And Lucy smiled and believed herself overcautious.

The excited horses came dancing up to the barriers and lifted and were over, with or without rapping, but not one, for the first round, refusing. Then the bars were raised six inches; six inches in mid-air is a large space when one must jump it. Caperton Bayly went at it first; his mother watched breathless as he flew forward, sitting erect, intense, his young eyes gleaming. Over went his great horse Traveler, and over the next and the next—all of them; but the white heels had struck the top bar twice—the beautiful, spirited performance was not perfect. Harry Hampton came next; all of the kindly multitude gazed eagerly, hoping that the boy to whom life had given less than the others might win this honor he wanted. The first bars without rapping; the second; and a suppressed sound of satisfaction, which might soon be a great roar of pleasure, hummed over the field. Black Hawk came rushing, snorting, pulling up to the third jump.

the jump where Lucy stood. And as he came a little girl, high in a carriage, a chariot as one said then, flourished her scarlet parasol in the air, and lost hold of it, and it flew like a huge red bird into the course, close to the hurdle. And Black Hawk, strung to the highest point of his thoroughbred nerves, saw, and a horror of the flaming living thing, as it seemed, caught him, and he swerved at the bar and bolted—bolted straight for the steep slope.



She Found Herself Holding Francois' Dark Head in Her Arms.

A gasp went up from the three hundred, four hundred people; the boy was dashing to death; no one stirred; every muscle was rigid—the spectators were paralyzed. Not all Francois from his babyhood had known how to think quickly, and these boys were his pride and his care; he had thought of that possible danger which Lucy had foreseen; when the jumping began, mounted on his mare Aquarollo, he was posted near the head of the slope, not twenty yards from the hurdle, to be at hand in any contingency. When Harry's horse bolted, one touch put Aquarollo into motion. Like a line of brown light she dashed at right angles to the runaway—a line drawn to intercept the line of Black Hawk's flight. There was silence over the field—one second—two seconds—the likeliest shot to the angle—then it came—the shock they awaited.

Black Hawk, rushing, saw the other coming and swerved at the last moment—too late. The animals collided, not with full force, yet for a moment it looked like nothing but death for riders and mounts. Harry Hampton was thrown backward to the level field; Black Hawk galloped off, frantic and unburied, across it; Aquarollo, one saw, lay on the very edge of the drop and was scrambling to her feet with liveliness enough to assure her safety; of Francois there was no sign. In half a minute the breathless still crowd was in an uproar, and a hundred men were jostling one another to reach the scene of the accident.

It was two minutes, perhaps, before Caperton Bayly, with a negro boy at his heels, with Jack Middleton and Harry Wise and a dozen other lads racing back of him, had plunged over the drop of land where Francois had disappeared. Two minutes are enough sometimes for a large event. In that two minutes Lucy Hampton, without conscious volition, by an instinct as simple and imperative as a bird's instinct to shield her young, had slipped from her horse Bluebird and down across the level and down over the steep bank till she found herself holding Francois' dark head in her arms and heard her own voice saying words she had never said even to herself.

"I love you, I love you," she said, and if all the world heard she did not know or care. There was no world for her at that minute but the man lying with his head against her heart—dead it might be, but dead or alive, dearest. "I love you—love you—love you," she repeated, as if the soul were rushing out of her in the words.

With that the luminous great eyes opened, and Francois was looking at her, and she knew that he had heard. And then the training of a lifetime, of centuries, flooded back into her, and womanly reticence and maidenly shame and the feelings and attitude which are not primal, as she had been primal for that one mad moment. She drew back as she felt him trying to lift himself, and left him free and was on her feet, and then with a shock she was aware of another presence, turning she looked up into the angry glow of her cousin's eyes. He was not looking at her, but at the man who, dazed, hurt, was trying painfully to pull himself up. Harry Hampton glared at him.

"We will settle this later," he brought out through his teeth. "I hope I can kill you." And Lucy cried out: "Shame!" she cried. "He has just saved your life!"

"Damn him!" said Harry Hampton. "I do not want my life at his hands. I hate him more for saving me. Damn him!"

And Francois, clutching at a bush, things reeling about him unsteadily, looked up, friendly, wistful, at the boy cursing him.

With that there was an influx of population; the whole world, apparently, tumbled down the steep bank, every one far too preoccupied with help for the hero to remark Harry Hampton's grim humor.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Finest Thing.

Endurance, Francois' own negro boy, brought a note to Roanoke house on a morning five days after. It read:

"My Dear Miss Hampton: The doctor has given me permission to ride tomorrow and I wish to ride to Roanoke house before all other places. Will mademoiselle see me? Will mademoiselle permit me to see her for a short time alone? I await anxiously a word from you, and I am your servant."

"FRANCOIS BEAUPRE."

hidden to Norfolk for the day—had Francois known of that, one wonders? Lucy, waiting in that small stately study with the dim portraits and the wide vague view across the fields of the James river, heard the gay boof beats of Aquarollo pound down the gravel under the window, heard Francois' deep gentle voice as he gave the horse to Rambo, and waited one minute more, the hardest minute of all. Then the door had opened and he stood there—the miracle, as it seems at such moments to a woman, possibly to a man—of all the gifts and qualities worth loving.

He had made his precise bow, and she had heard his voice saying gently: "Good morning, mademoiselle," and the door was closed; and they were alone together. In a flash she felt that it could not be endured, that she must escape. She rose hastily.

"I'm sorry I must go; I cannot stay."

But Francois had laughed and taken her hand and was holding it with a tender force which thrilled her. He understood. She knew he understood the shame and fear of a woman who has given love unasked; who was safe in his hands; she knew that. With a sigh she let her fingers rest in his and sat down again and waited.

"Dear Mademoiselle Lucy," said the deep kind voice, "my first friend in Virginia, my comrade, my little scholar—"

Why did Lucy grow cold and quiet at these words of gentleness? Francois was sitting beside her, holding her hand in both his, gazing at her with the clearest affection in his look. Yet she braced herself against the did not know what. The voice went on with the winning foreign inflections, its slip of English now and then, and its never-to-be-described power of reaching the heart.

"See, mademoiselle," said Francois, "we are two real friends, you and I, to have deception between us. We will not pretend; you and I, to each other—is it not, mademoiselle? Therefore I shall not try to hide from you that I heard that day those words so wonderful which you spoke to me so unworriedly. I have thought of those words ever since, mademoiselle, as I lay ill with this troublesome arm; ever since—all the time. My heart has been full of a—gratification to you which cannot be told. I shall remember all my life; I shall be honored as no king could honor me, by those words. And because you have so touched me, and have so laid that little hand on the



He Bent Over Her Hand.

heart of me, I am going to tell you, my dear comrade and scholar, what is most secret and most sacred to me."

In a few words as might be, he told her of the peasant child who had been lifted out of his poverty-bound life with such large kindness that no bond which held him to that poor, yet dear life had been broken; who had been left all the love of his first home and yet been given a home and a training and an education which set him ready for any career; he told of the big-souled, blunt, Napoleonic officer, the seigneur; of the gray, red-roofed castle, with its four round towers; of handsome silent Pietro, and of the untiring long kindness of them all. Then, his voice lowered, holding the girl's hand still, he told her of Alike, of the fairy child who had met him on that day of his first visit and had brought him to her father, the seigneur. He described a little the playmate of his childhood, fearless, boyish in her intrepid courage, yet always exquisitely a girl. He told of the long summer vacations of the three as they grew up, and the rides in the Jura valley, and of that last ride when he knew that he was to go to Italy next morning, and of how he had faced the seigneur and told him that he loved his daughter and had given her up then, instantly, for loyalty to him and to Pietro. And then he told her of the peasant boy in Riders' Hollow in the gray morning light after the night of his escape—and how, by hand on the bride and seat in the saddle, and at last by the long curl of the black lashes he had known the peasant boy for Alike.

Lucy Hampton, listening, was so thrilled with this romance of a lifelong love that she could silence her aching heart and her aching pride and could be—with a painful sick effort—but yet could be, utterly generous. There is no midway in a case between entire selfishness and entire selflessness. The young southern girl, wounded, shamed, cruelly hurt in vanity and in love, was able to choose the larger way, and taking it, felt that sharp joy of renunciation which is as keen and difficult to breathe as is sweet in the breathing as the air of a mountain-top. Trembling, she put her other little hand on Francois' hands.

"I see," she said, and her voice shook and she smiled mistily, but very kindly. "You could not love anyone but that beautiful Alike. I—I would not have you."

And Francois bent hastily, with tears in his eyes, and kissed the warm little hands. The uncertain sliding voice went on:

"I am not—as I said—that I said

CONTINUED ON PAGE 71, 72

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The Scrap Book

Helping Himself.
Charley Van Loan, living in the midst of the cafeteria belt in Los Angeles, had an early helping trip in prospect. He went to a cafeteria to get his breakfast.

The plot in a cafeteria is to garner a plate and collect what food you want, take the collection to a chair or table, eat it and pay as you pass out. Van Loan did not know much about it. There was nobody in the place but one heavy eyed waiter when he entered. Van Loan sat down at a table and waited twenty minutes. The waiter nodded in his seat and paid no attention to him.

"Say," said Van Loan finally, "can't I get breakfast?"

"Sure," the waiter replied, "if you go after it."

He explained how the thing was done, and Van Loan picked up a few little trinkets and ate them.

"How much?" he asked when he had finished.

"Thirty cents," said the waiter.

Van Loan paid his 30 cents and then took out a quarter, laid it down on the counter, picked it up again and put it back in his pocket.

"What's the idea?" asked the waiter.

"Oh," said Van Loan, "I'm tipping myself."—Saturday Evening Post.

Thy Work.
Let me but do my work from day to day in field or forest, at the desk or loom, in rearing market place or tranquil room. Let me but find in my heart to say: When vagrant wishes beckon me astray: "This is my work, my blessing, not my doom. Of all who live I am the one by whom This work can best be done, in the right way."—Henry van Dyke.

A Brand New Title.
There lives on Long Island, near the sound, a widow who does a little banking business on her own account, cashing bills for men in temporary distress. Last summer she made her appearance at Asbury Park at the height of the season.

"She must be a lady of quality," commented the sphinx.

"A marchioness perhaps," suggested another.

"A duchess no doubt," ventured a third, with a smile.

"You're all wrong," said the little woman at the end of the veranda, looking up from her book. "I happen to know that lady very well. She's not even a countess."

"Well, what then?" came the chorus of voices.

"Why, the fact is she is a discountess."—New York Tribune.

And Such Is Fame.
They are telling in New York a story about Richard Harding Davis and Gouverneur Morris.

These two writers, it appears, were motoring the other day and stopped at a Westchester inn for luncheon. The luncheon was excellent, and after it was over Mr. Davis went out to look over the car, leaving Mr. Morris alone. Mr. Morris, in good spirits from his fine meal, said gleefully to the landlord:

"Landlord, you'll be interested perhaps to know that my companion is Richard Harding Davis."

The landlord tried his best to look impressed and interested.

"You don't say?" he remarked. "And what business might he be in?"

A few minutes later Mr. Morris took his seat in the car, and Mr. Davis remained behind to settle the bill. As he counted his change Mr. Davis in his turn said to the landlord:

"Landlord, my friend there is Gouverneur Morris."

Again the landlord looked impressed and puzzled.

"Morris? Morris?" he said. "The name sounds familiar. Meant like, ain't it, sir?"

Delicate Suggestion.
A member of congress had been paying attention to a young lady for a long while, and had taken her to attend the house until she was well posted in the rules. On the last day of the session, as they came out, he bought her a bouquet of flowers and said to her, "May I offer you my handful of flowers?" She replied promptly "I move to amend by omitting all after the word 'handful'." He seconded the amendment and they adopted it unanimously.

Hit the Nail on the Head.
West Point history records this true story. A cadet was asked by a brother cadet to pay the devils of one friend to another by dancing with a "fem," whom the second had "dragged." Now the introduction and civil word were over and Cadet Two hid him away, pledged to return in time for the fifth dance.

He found his partner for the fifth dance. But sleek, her name had slipped his memory. In the ballroom this is not an unforgivable offense, and he confessed his fault easily, gracefully, humbly, expecting to be absolved at small expense. But the lady was not pleased, nay, she was annoyed, and she told him so. Her name was a nice one. It was Elizabeth Randolph.

"What did you think it was—Jones?" she asked in high bad humor. Then, by way of retaliation: "I don't know what your name is. You cadets are so much alike. What is it?"

"My name is Algernon Leroy," he answered sincerely. Then he sought out his chum and warned him for the lady's sake. For his name was Jones.

—New York Post.

Castles of the Rhine.
It is stated that there are to be found from the source to the mouth of the Rhine 725 castles, formerly the homes of warlike chiefs.

Fossils to Memory.
Among the worst foes of the memory are too much food, too much physical exercise and, strangely enough, too much education.

THE WHITE FLAG.
I sent my love two roses—two As white as driven snow And one a blushing royal red, A flaming Jacqueminot.

I meant to touch and seal my fate. That night I should divine The moment I should see my love If her true heart were mine.

For if she holds me dear, I said, She'll wear my blushing rose; If not she'll wear my cold Jacqueminot, As white as winter's snows.

My heart sank when I met her. Sure, I've been overbold, For on her breast my pale rose lay In virgin whiteness cold.

Yet with low words she greeted me, With smiles divinely tender. Upon her cheek the red rose dawned— The white rose meant surrender.

—John Hay.

SLAVERY.
Mr. President, I have yet to learn that one man can make a slave of another. If one man cannot do so no number of individuals have a right to do it. And I hold that all laws or compacts imposing any such condition upon any human being are absolutely void because contrary to the law of nature, which is the law of God, by which he makes his will known to man, and is paramount to all human control.—Rufus King in United States Senate, 1821.

"READ ME A LETTER FROM HOME."
Read me a letter from home tonight; Oh, read me a letter from home.

Falling like rays of sweet sunshine bright O'er paths I so dearly roam, It will be precious as morning's glow.

'When night's hours of sorrow are past, 'Twill bring me scenes that no more I'll know, And hours which were too bright to last.

Read me a letter from home tonight; Oh, read me a letter from home.

Read me the kind words of mother, dear, So loving, so tender and true, Sweet as a voice from a heavenly sphere.

And bringing her loved form to view, Once more I gaze on her smile so sweet; Again I am happy and free, Stopping the progress of time's swift feet— Oh, blissful were those days to me.

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NATIONAL FRIENDSHIP.
My other message is to assure you that the friendship you entertain for the people of the United States is reciprocated by them far more universally and far more heartily than ever before. There is a friendship of governments and a friendship of nations. The former may shift with the shifting of material interests or be affected by the relations of each power with other powers, but the latter rests on solid and permanent foundations. With our two peoples it is based on community of speech, of literature, of institutions, of beliefs, of traditions from the past, of ideals for the future. In all these things the British and American peoples are closer than any two other peoples can be. Nature and history have meant them to be friends.—James Bryce, Former Ambassador at Washington, to the British.

CIDER TIME.
Cider barrels nigh the woodshed, A froth'n' at the bung; Boys with straws absorb'n' liquid— I wish that I was young, Lay'n' flat upon a barrel Suck'n' juice today, And you, old chum, was pump'n' with me—

Cool and sweet as clover honey— Luscious, limpid juice— Pints or quarts as free as water— Can't you feel it ooze And kind o' trickle down your gullet Same as long ago? Ain't it fun to think about it Just as if 'twas so? —Jabs Smith in Rural Farmer.

Plain Evidence.
"It is wrong for an old man to marry a young fool."

"But how is he to know that she is a fool?"

"When she says yes to his proposal. Right then he ought to know it."—Houston Post.

Prank of a Lightning Flash.
During a thunderstorm in Deal, England, Minnie Rogers, seventeen years old, was walking along one of the small back streets of the town carrying a number of umbrellas, etc., when a vivid flash of lightning, evidently attracted by the steel frame of one of the umbrellas she was holding, ripped open her own umbrella, struck her and threw her violently to the ground. There was only one man in the street at the time, and he assisted her to rise. Strangely enough, when she had done so she found that all her clothes, umbrella and cap were perfectly dry, whereas before she had been drenched, for the rain poured down in torrents. Her description of her feelings was, "I felt just as though my head had been stung by a wasp, there was a stinging noise in my ears and I seemed to see a bright light, like the sun, shining through my umbrella." With the exception of her hair being slightly singed, she sustained no injury.—Strand Magazine.

The Wit of Shakespeare.
A pleasant anecdote of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson is told in a book entitled "The World's Leading Poets." "Shakespeare was godfather to one of Jonson's children, and after the christening, Shakespeare being in a brown study, Jonson came to cheer him up and asked him why he was so melancholy.

"No faith, Ben, not I. But I have been considering a great while what would be the fittest gift to bestow upon my godchild, and I have resolved at last."

"I prythee what?"

"I faith, Ben, I'll give him a dozen good latten (an alloyed metal something like brass) spoons, and you shall translate them."

While Shakespeare, according to Jonson, had "small Latin and less Greek," Ben Jonson was one of the giants among classical scholars of his day, when no other scholarship was recognized.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.
There is an education that comes to the soul from vital faith in God and a power for good upon society that abstract right cannot give; that in atheistic or agnostic morality, set upon the pinnacle of altruism, is utterly unable to supply.—George A. Gordon.

The good never dies. Evil dies. Cruelly, oppression, selfishness, greed—these die, but nobility, love, sacrifice, generosity, truth, thank God for it, small as they are, difficult as it is to discover them—these live forever; these are eternal.—Frank Norris.

I believe freedom to be the first condition of moral life. It needs, however, to be accompanied by much instruction. It is like money in this—in order to profit by it one must know how to use it properly.—Julia Ward Howe.

BRILLIANTS.
Yet, though my progress be but slow And failure oft obscure the past, I, too, victorious at last, Shall reach the longed for light, I know! —Florence Earle Coates.

The moros are meeker than they were; The nuts are getting browner; The berry's cheek is plumper; The rose is out of town. —Emily Dickinson.

Show it now. Make hearts happy, roses grow. Let the friends around you know The love you have before they go— Show it now! —Charles M. Skinner.

No noble—that is more than wealth. Do right—that is more than place. —George MacDonald.

LEARNING.
Learning without thought is labor lost. Thought without learning is perilous.—Confucius.

He might be a very clever man by nature, for all I know, but he laid so many books upon his head that his brains could not move.—Hull.

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; morals, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.—Bacon.

No man is wiser for his learning. Wit and wisdom are born with a man.—Selden.

Instruction does not prevent waste of time or mistakes, and mistakes themselves are often the best teachers of all.—Froude.

LOST LOVE.
Who wins his love shall lose her. Who loses her shall grieve. For still the spirit voices her— A soul without a stain— And memory still pursues her, With longings not in vain!

He loses her who gains her, Who watches day by day The dust of time that stains her, The griefs that leave her gray, The flesh that yet enchains her Whose grace hath passed away!

Oh, happier he who gains not The love some seem to gain, The joy that custom stains not Shall still with him remain, The loneliness that wanes not, The love that never can wane.

In dreams she grows not older The land of dream among, Though all the world was colder, Though all the songs be sung, In dreams doth he behold her Still fair and kind and young. —Andrew Lang.

PHILOSOPHICAL.
If all our wishes were gratified most of our pleasures would be destroyed.—Archbishop Whately.

A man is very apt to complain of the ingratitude of those who have risen far above him.—Dr. Johnson.

If a sparrow cannot fall without God's knowledge, how can an empire rise without his aid?—Benjamin Franklin.

CHARITY SERMONS.
With unalike toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right.—Lincoln.

The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall, but in charity there is no excess; neither can angel or man come to danger by it.—Bacon.

No sound ought to be heard in the church but the hoarse voice of Christian charity.—Burke.

QUEERED THE BANQUET.
A Change in the Bill of Fare That Was Not the Cook's Fault.
Colonel Goethals, who as chief engineer of the Panama canal has become world famous, recently told in Washington a canal zone story.

"We had in Ancon," he said, "an engineer who was in constant dread of disease. He was also a crank on the subject of microbes."

"Well everything you drink, no matter where you get it," this was his creed, and he made his raw native cook observe it rigorously.

"One day," while on a tour of inspection the engineer was presented with a bottle of champagne by a sea captain. Managing also to pick up a piece of ice on his return to town, he hurried back to quarters with his prize.

"A temperate chap, this was the first wine that had come his way since his arrival in Panama. He said to his native cook as he handed over his precious burden:

"Get up something extra good to-day, for I have asked a few friends to

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The bull took to his heels and ran until he came to a good sized elm tree. Here he wheeled and started pawing up the earth and bellowing and otherwise showing an inclination to fight. To keep up our own courage we started giving the college yell. The bull gave one startled look and then made for home the straightest and swiftest way. It took him through two barbed wire fences, but they did not hinder him any. He did not trouble us again.

The moral of this is: When you go to college learn all you can, for you never can tell what you may have use for.—Country Gentleman.

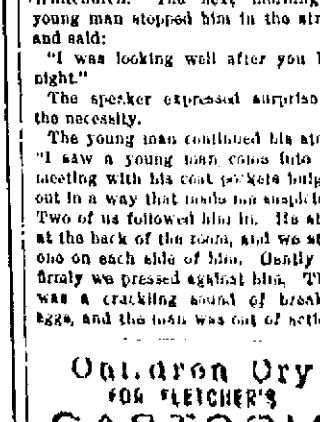
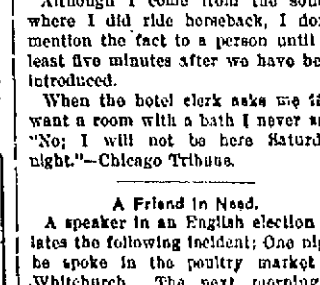
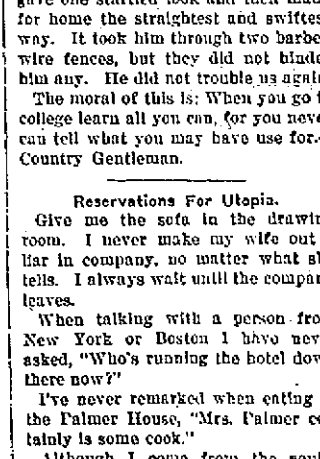
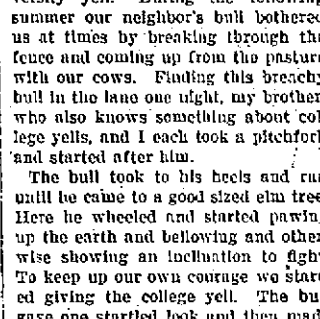
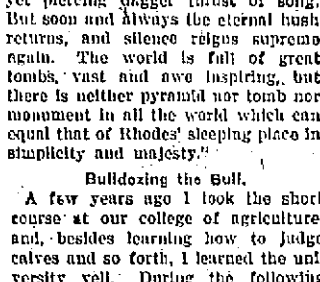
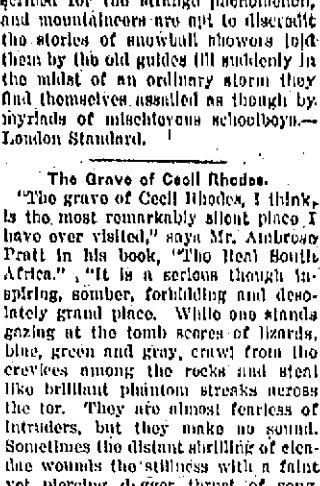
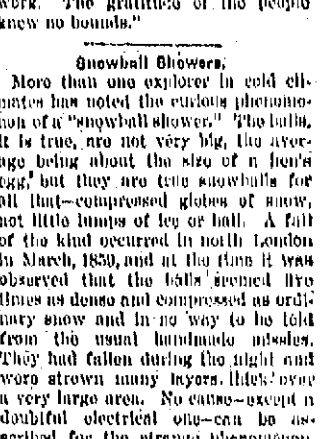
Reservations For Utopia.
Give me the sofa in the drawing room. I never make my wife out a liar in company, no matter what she tells. I always wait until the company leaves.

When talking with a person from New York or Boston I have never asked, "Who's running the hotel down there now?"

I've never remarked when eating at the Palmer House, "Mrs. Palmer certainly is some cook."

Although I come from the south, where I did ride horseback, I don't mention the fact to a person until at least five minutes after we have been introduced.

When the hotel clerk asks me if I want a room with a bath I never say, "No; I will not be here Saturday night."—Chicago Tribune.



On a Trip in Little Tibet.
Dr. Neve, in his book, "Thirty Years in Kashmir," tells how three hypermature women blithely with entranced smiles at his camp at Bhayok imploring treatment:

NEWPORT HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST.

Snappy Items of Local Interest Taken from the Files of the Newport Mercury of One Hundred, Fifty, and Twenty-five Years Ago.

One Hundred Years Ago.

[From Newport Mercury, Jan. 21, 1814.]

TOWN MEETING.

A Town Meeting will be held on Tuesday next, for the purpose of taking into consideration the expediency of making application to the General Assembly for a renewal of the charter, granted to this town in the year 1781, with such alterations and amendments as may be found necessary for the better government and regulation of the concerns and interests of the town. The importance of the subject, we presume, will induce a general attendance of the freemen.

On Monday last arrived at this port the ship *William*, Capt. Richards, of New York, 62 days from Nantz, which port he left on the 24th of November. Capt. R. brought papers (the Montour), to the 20th of Oct. only, with which he politely favored us. They contain the "official" which are to be found in this day's Mercury.

Capt. R. informs that Paris papers to the 20th Nov. had been received at Nantz, which he was unable to procure. They stated that on the 16th Nov. Bonaparte arrived in Paris, the remnant of his army having crossed the Rhine, and that he left Paris on the 20th Nov. to rejoin his army. Several corps of troops, and immense convoys of ammunition, provisions, &c., were stated to have left various parts of France, for the army.

Advertisement: 20 DOLLARS BOUNTY will be given to any person who may enlist in the MARINE CORPS of the United States—and THREE MONTHS ADVANCE PAY when reported fit for duty.

Rendezvous at No. 25, Long wharf. R. D. WAINWRIGHT, Capt. of Marines.

Newport, Jan. 14.

Advertisement: 40,000 dils. Highest Prize. WASHINGTON MONUMENT LOTTERY. The drawing of the above lottery will commence in March and end in June next. Present price of tickets \$11—but will soon rise. ORDERS FOR TICKETS ATTENDED TO AT THE NEWPORT MERCURY.

Fifty Years Ago.

[From Newport Mercury, Jan. 23, 1864.]

If the reports prove true that ex-Mayor Swinburne is about to erect a Steam Flaming Mill on his wharf and that Messrs. Mason and Bradford are to increase their business by the manufacture of round shot, it will indicate a disposition on the part of our capitalists to use their money for the public benefit, instead of investing it in stocks and other ways which in no manner helps to build up our city. There is wealth enough here to start many kinds of business which have made surrounding cities grow in population and territory. We have facilities now for transportation sufficient for all purposes and will shortly be connected with the towns of Washington and Kent Counties, whose people would as readily buy of our merchants as those of Providence. All that is required is for our capitalists to offer them proper inducements to visit our city.

The New Bedford Mercury, in speaking of the Mount Hope Mining Company in Portsmouth, says that 75 tons of coal per day are now taken out, nearly all of which is sent over the Old Colony & Newport Railroad into Taunton. The coal is of excellent quality, selling at the mine at \$1.50 per ton. The owners of this mining property which covers some 300 acres, contemplate erecting, next spring, works for the smelting of copper and zinc, designed to be the most extensive of any in the country.

Arms and equipments have been received for Captain Gould's Middletown Company.

The State Railroad Commissioners have passed over the railroad between this city and Fall River, and being satisfied with its construction, have given a certificate to that effect. This decision gives the company a right to run passenger cars over the road, which will be improved very soon. Then the great object will be accomplished, and we agree with the correspondent of the Providence Press that some demonstration should be made by the people to mark this era in our lifetime. Concert of action on the part of His Honor the Mayor, and Benjamin Finch, Esq., could define a time and place for a mass meeting, when an hour could be spent in congratulation. Then, should the offer be made, a good party would be ready to pass over the road and confirm the decision of the Railroad Commissioners, and as it is some years since the line from Fall River was built, it would not be considered unkind to extend the trip to Boston, that the whole route may be surveyed.

The third battalion of the 1st R. I. Cavalry, embracing troops I, K, L, and M, under command of Major Joseph J. Gould, having been permanently detached, is ordered to New Hampshire to recruit to a full regiment. They are expected in Providence next week.

The combined armies of Lee and Longstreet are estimated at 60,000.

Married: In this city, 15th inst., by Rev. Mr. Brooks, John W. Anderson of Pawtucket, 1st Sergeant 3d R. I. Cavalry, to Miss Mary Fitzpatrick of Fall River. [The connubial bliss of this couple was enjoyed for but one night, as the bride, from a too free use of the ardent passion in the watch house, and on the next day was returned to her native city, never more to see her brave cavalier.]

Mr. James W. Dennis, Jr., of this city has received the appointment of Lieutenant in the United States Revenue Service. He was formerly sergeant of Company K, Second R. I. Volunteers, and participated in all the battles of the Potomac from Bull Run to Malvern Hill.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

[From the Newport Mercury of Jan. 21, 1889.]

A SUBSTANTIAL TOKEN OF APPRECIATION.

Mr. Henry W. Cozens, chief engineer of the Newport Fire Department, received from General Supervisor George Pierce, on Thursday, the Old Colony Steamship Company's check for \$750, \$500 of the amount to be added to the permanent fund of the Newport Firemen's Relief Association, and \$250, or so much thereof as may be necessary, to be used for reimbursing such members of the fire department as were disabled, by accident or exposure, at the burning of the company's steamer Bristol, on December 30, 1888. This generous expression of appreciation, though fully in accord with the reputation of the Old Colony Company, in Newport, was a very pleasant surprise to the members and friends of the department. It is the fourth donation which the Relief Association has ever received, although that organization has been in existence since 1871, and it was welcomed with sincere thanks. The fund, which now amounts to \$1,621, was stated by the late John Carey in 1874 with a check for \$500. The other donors are Prof. Agassiz, \$500, and Mr. John N. A. Griswold, \$100. The balance of the fund has been raised through the efforts of the firemen themselves.

POST OFFICE IMPROVEMENTS.

The secretary of the treasury has appointed Hon. Wm. J. Underwood of this city general superintendent of repairs for the Newport and Providence custom houses, and he is now engaged in making his plans and specifications for the work. The improvements here are to be in the postoffice department entirely, and are those which Postmaster Brown has been trying for ever since his appointment. They include the digging of a cellar under the business part of the office; the laying of a new floor, the partitioning off of certain apartments, and the changing of location and number of boxes. A new fire and burglar-proof safe, of the largest dimensions, is also to be provided for the use of the postoffice department. During these repairs and alterations, which will probably occupy about six weeks, the office will have to be moved to some other quarters. It is work that has long been needed, both for the proper conduct of the business of the office, and for the protection of the health of its employees, and we congratulate the postmaster upon his achievements.

THE BRISTOL FLOATED.

The hull of the burned steamer Bristol having been made as tight as the combined efforts of carpenters, divers and mechanics generally could make it, the huge pumping apparatus of the wrecking schooner Young America was put to work at an early hour yesterday morning. As a result the blackened and disabled craft was brought to the surface and made to float around to the south side of Long wharf where, at noon yesterday, it was the observed of all observers.

The wreck will be auctioned off where it lies, and until after the sale nothing more will be done.

The work as accomplished is quite a compliment to Captain Waters, who, from the start, has been almost alone in the belief that the sunken ruins could be made to float. He, however, was confident of success from the start.

The death of Hon. Isaac Bell, Jr., which occurred at St. Luke's Hospital in New York last Sunday morning, removes one of the best known and most highly respected of Newport's adopted citizens.

In city council: The ordinance granting the Newport House Railroad Company permission to lay rails and run cars through Broadway and Marlboro, Spring, Franklin and Levin streets and Bath road, in accordance with the original petition of the company, passed both bodies without discussion.

Stock is being rapidly subscribed for another three-masted schooner, to be built under the supervision of Mr. George P. Crandall of this city for the Newport fleet. She will be named the Rodman R. Nickerson for her captain.

The City Council having passed the ordinance permitting the Newport House Railroad Company to lay rails in certain streets in the city of Newport, there no longer remains any obstacle to the company's beginning work as soon as the weather is settled so as to permit work on our streets with safety. The company has been organized under the charter, and the first limit of capital stock, \$50,000, has been subscribed, so there will be no occasion for delay to raise money. In all probability work will commence in March, and a portion of the line at least will be in running order before summer opens. This road will be a great convenience to many people in Newport, and will likewise increase the business of the merchants and dealers along the route.

"We don't have any grass growing on our streets," sneered the New Yorker.

"No, I dare say not," replied the Philadelphian. "I suppose your street-car horses nibble it off as they browse along."—Lippincott's.

Mrs. Smythe. Before we were married you used to pretend that you liked to have me sit on your lap for an entire evening.

Smythe. Yes, and you used to pretend that you preferred to sit in a chair.—Puck.

"When you are short on certain stock What do you do?" one broker cried. The other's answer was a shock.

"I grin and bear it!" he replied.—Lippincott's.

Scott—"I dreamed last night that I died and went to heaven." Mott—"That settles it. Dreams go by contraries beyond question."

Many a woman finds it extremely difficult to give her husband a liberal allowance out of his salary.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Sand Clay Roads and the Time to Work Them.

Office of Information, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

There are at present about 35,000 miles of sand clay roads in the United States, mainly in the Southern States, according to the Office of Public Roads, U. S. Department of Agriculture. The time to work the roads is in the spring when the soil is damp. If the working of the roads is deferred until late in summer when they are dry, they are not only much more difficult to put in proper shape but the cost of repair is greater than if they were worked early in the spring.

Previous to 1891 comparatively little, if any, of these roads existed. The popularity of this type of road is due to the facts that it is cheap, comparatively firm and durable, easy to construct and repair, and that the materials out of which it is built are plentiful in many sections of the country.

The sand-clay road is made by mixing the sand and clay in such a way that the grains of sand touch each other, the spaces between the grains being filled with clay which acts as a binder.

The approximate mixture of sand and clay may be determined by filling a vessel with a sample of the sand to be used, and another vessel of the same size with water. The water is poured carefully into the sand until it reaches the point of overflowing. The volume of water removed from the second vessel represents approximately the proportion of clay needed.

The proper proportion of sand and clay can best be determined, however, as the work progresses, as some clay will contain more sand than others. In fact, clays are very frequently found which already contain about the right proportion of sand.

If the road to be treated is sandy, the surface is first leveled off and crowned with a road machine, the crown being about 1 inch to the foot from the center to the sides. The clay is then dumped on the surface and carefully spread, so that it will be from 6 to 8 inches in depth at the center and gradually decreasing in depth toward the sides. A layer of clean sand is then usually added, which is thoroughly mixed with the clay either by traffic or by means of plows and disk or tooth harrows.

The best results have been obtained by thoroughly mixing or puddling the materials when wet. For this reason, it is desirable that the mixing be done in wet weather. The mixing can be done by the traffic after the materials have been properly placed, but this involves a whole winter and spring of bad road, and even then the mixing is not always satisfactory. In all cases it is advisable to dress the road with a road machine or split-log drag after the materials have been thoroughly mixed, and to give it a crown of not more than 1 inch or less than 1/2 inch to the foot from the center to the sides. A light coating of sand may then be added. The use of the road machine or drag should be continued at frequent intervals until the surface is smooth and firm.

If the road to be treated is composed of clay, it should be brought to a rough grade with a road machine. The surface should then be plowed and thoroughly pulverized by harrowing to a depth of about 4 inches after which it is given a crown or slope of about 1/2 inch to the foot from the center to the sides. It is then covered with 6 to 8 inches of clean, sharp sand, which is spread thicker in the center than at the sides. The materials should then be mixed with plows and harrows while they are comparatively dry, after which they are finally puddled with a harrow during wet weather. If clay works to the surface and the road becomes sticky, more sand should be added.

The road is then shaped, crowned, and ditched in the usual manner with a road machine. This should be done when the surface is soft, yet stiff enough to pack well under the roller or the traffic. While both shallow ditches should be provided on both sides of the road, and culverts or crossdrains should be placed wherever water flows across the road, for it is exceedingly important that the "sand or clay" roads be well drained.

After the clay on sand, or the sand on clay, road is completed, it should be carefully maintained until the surface becomes firm and smooth. The construction of this type of road is by no means a quick operation. If soft, sticky places appear, more sand should be added, and if loose, sandy places are found, more clay is needed. It is just as important to attend to these small details, as to any other part of the work, for, if they are neglected, the road is liable to fail.

It requires approximately 1 cubic yard of clay to surface 14 running yards of road 12 feet in width, or about 1175 cubic yards to the mile. From 1 to 1 cubic yard will make a road for two horses on a dry clay road. The cost of the road will therefore depend largely upon the distance the material is hauled, the average being from \$500 to \$1,000 per mile. A road built under the direction of the Office of Public Roads at Gainesville, Florida, one mile long, 14 ft. wide, and having 9 inches of sand-clay surface, cost \$331 per mile, or ten cents per square yard. Another sand-clay road built by the Office at Tallahassee, Florida, 16 ft. wide, 7 inches thick, cost \$470 per mile, or about five cents per square yard.

February Century.

The Midwinter Fiction Number is the February expression of "the new spirit of the century." This issue contains seven short stories, including "The Temple of the Countess Gods," a modern Japanese romance by John Luther Long, author of "Madam Butterfly"; "The Last War in the World," a story of the future by H. G. Wells. The latter is a fight of the imagination and a vigorous protest against war.

Artistically the number is unusually rich, containing besides the many illustrations for stories and articles, an unpublished portrait of Benjamin Franklin, recently discovered and attributed to Fragonard; a Rembrandt painting engraved on wood by the master wood engraver, Timothy Cole; numerous photographs printed in tint; a valentine fantasy reproduced in full colors from a painting by Anna Whelan Betts; a painting by George Innes entitled "Under the Greenwood." The cover design is a landscape painting by George Innes, Jr. "The Mexican Menace," by W. Morgan Shuster, author of "The Strangling of Persia"; and "Racial Consequences of Immigration," one of Prof. Edward A. Ross's important series; and "The Boy Who Goes Wrong," by H. Addington Bruce, are among the more serious articles. Percy Mackaye's bird masque "Sanctuary" is the leader of the poetic contributions and ten pages are devoted to the comic section. "In Lighter Vein."

The ultimate consumer of the turkey is, of course, the one who eats the last spoonful of the soup.

How the Weather Bureau Forecasts Storms, Frosts and Floods.

Many people have an idea that there is something mysterious and occult about the work of the Weather Bureau in forecasting the coming of storms, frosts and floods. Not a few think that the observers must necessarily get their data by reading the planets, the stars and the moon. As a matter of fact the forecaster of the Bureau foretells the coming of disturbances in a businesslike way, very similar to that in which a man who has ordered a shipment of goods would estimate the date of its arrival.

Suppose a business man had ordered a carload of pineapples from the Hawaiian Islands. He would know the average time it would take the steamer to make the trip to the Pacific port, the average time for unloading and loading into refrigerator cars, and the average number of days to be allowed these cars for their trip across the continent to New York. His estimate, however, would be subject to error because the steamer might be delayed by fog, or the cars might meet with an accident.

Storms, like pineapples, as a rule do not originate in the United States. They come to us, some from the Philippines, Japan, Siberia, Alaska, Canada or the Gulf of Mexico. The Weather Bureau gets cable, telegraphic or wireless notice of a foreign storm. Station after station, or vessel after vessel reports the storm's arrival in its neighborhood, so that the general direction and rate of progress can be determined very nearly. In fact, the arrival of some storms can be foretold ten days in advance.

The forecasters watch for the region of low barometer which is the storm center around which the winds blow. This whirl or eddy moves bodily forward with the general eastward drift of about 650 miles a day in our latitudes. As the lines of equal pressure (isobars) around the low center crowd closer together, the winds attending the storm increase in force. The forecaster determines the direction of movement of the storm and its velocity.

When weather disturbances are reported, the forecasters know from experience about how long it takes them to reach our Pacific Coast, and then how long after they will reach the Atlantic Coast. For example, if a storm coming from Siberia drifts eastward around the North Pole and reappears in Alaska, it should appear in Washington and Oregon in about two days; should get to the Great Lakes in six days and to the Atlantic Coast in seven or eight days.

Unexpected conditions may delay storms or divert them from the straight track just as a refrigerator car may be thrown off its schedule or be shipped by accident on a wrong road. Some of these storms deplete themselves by running into regions of high barometer which are of greater magnitude and extent than the storm itself. Some of them, however, travel completely around the world.

To keep tab on cold waves that come into the United States from Canada and Alaska, the Weather Bureau studies the Canadian Weather reports. England sends reports from Iceland, the British Islands and Continental Europe, and daily reports come from St. Petersburg on the conditions in Russia and Siberia.

The same businesslike system used in tracing the track of a storm is applied in determining the arrival of frosts.

Flood forecasts are made in much the same way. Information as to the amount of rainfall at the head waters of streams that cause floods are covered by telegraphic reports sent by local observers. As this rain reaches the main channel, the height of water in the channel is determined by successive gaging stations. Past records establish how much a height, say of 20 feet at Dubuque, Iowa, will produce at Davenport, another station 80 miles down the Mississippi. This plan is followed all the way down the river, and at each point of full allowance is made for the effects of water from tributaries, and from additional and local rainfall. As a result of these observations in the recent flood, the people of Cairo had warning a week or ten days in advance. The Pittsburgh district can be given only 12 to 24 hours notice, because a flood is upon them within 24 hours after a heavy rain storm.

SOCIAL EVIL DRAMAS.

When a writer's purpose is sincere, when he honestly essays to better existing conditions, then, and then only, he may say what he will. If his medium is the stage, very well. The drama can only gain by it. Of course certain questions were far better discussed in the intimacy of the home than in public. A mother's words to her daughter about the things of life which girls should be taught or warned against, it seems to me, must carry more weight and dignity than the picture lessons, as it were, of the stage. I know there are few mothers who have enough practical knowledge to be of service to their daughters in that respect. And there are even fewer, I am afraid, who can bring themselves to speak frankly to their children. Yet it is necessary that girls should know many things about which they have been kept so long in ignorance, and there the drama may rightly step in. But it takes a very high and clean mind to deliver the message usefully. A man like Brieux succeeds with themes of the most difficult sort precisely because of his high mindedness and the bigness of his purpose.—Miss Ida Tarbell.

Sided With Father.

"There is a little chap in our town," said the suburbanite, "whose father and mother have words quite frequently, and have them loud enough to be heard by the neighbors. The burden of their recriminations when audible is, on the wife's part, that she ever lowered the Hicks family sufficiently to marry a Stubbs, and on his part that he ever honored the Hicks family by allying it with the house of Stubbs."

"One day last summer the young son of the house went fishing. He had barely got his line into the brook when he heard his mother calling him."

"There it is," said he disgustedly; "the minute the Stubbses begin to fish the Hickses begin to bother!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Scrap Book

The Horse Was There.

The late P. T. Barnum had a keen sense of humor and delighted to play a practical joke on all and sundry. Keene, the great tragedian, was playing Richard III. in San Francisco at the same time as the "only and original greatest show on earth" was in the city.

One night, when the well known sentence was uttered, "A horse, a horse—my kingdom for a horse!" out from the wings there issued forth a quadruped that struck the audience dumb—a veritable living skeleton, with disjointed knees and striped with all the colors of the rainbow. A large card, bearing the legend, "How's This, Sonny?—P. T. Barnum," was fastened above the animal's head.

It was the best ad. "P. T." ever issued, but it cost him hundreds of dollars to square things.

Do It Now.

Loss this day tottering—'twill be the same story.

Tomorrow, and the next more dilaatory: Thus indecision brings its own delays.

And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days. Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute.

What you can do or dream you can, begin it. Courage has genius, power and magic in it.

Only enlarge, and then the mind grows heated—

Begin it and the work will be completed.—Goethe.

Having Fun With a Bostonian.

A Boke City (Ida), man tells of a poker game in that town wherein there sat "a good thing" in the person of a nice young man from Boston.

Now, as the players were professional gamblers, there did not seem to be much chance for the Hub bife. The latter, however, did pretty well.

So well, indeed, that the gamblers were puzzled. On one hand there was bet \$2. This the tenderfoot promptly raised \$12.

"I'll just lift that \$150," announced one of the gamblers.

To the astonishment of all, the tenderfoot saw the raise.

"What have you got, anyway?" demanded the gambler testily.

"A pair of kings," said the Bostonian, laying them down.

"Bill," said the gambler, turning to a friend, "tell him they're good—1 can't."—Lippincott's.

Avoiding the Issue.

Gloom in the law office of Platt & Jones was thick enough to cut. Clients were unknown and neither of the partners had any ready money. Nevertheless, at the close of the day, Jones, who was young and audacious, approached the senior member of the firm, who was working out an imaginary case.

"I say," he began nervily, "lend me five for a week, old man."

The other shook his head, without looking up. "I might do it for a weak old woman," he said, "but not for a weak old man."—Youth's Companion.

Sure of His Man.

One afternoon a stranger entered a store in a western town and asked the young man clerk for a pair of boots.

While trying them on the prospective customer said he had only \$3 with him and asked if he could be trusted for the balance of 50 cents until the next day. The young clerk willingly agreed.

After the boots had been wrapped and the customer had gone the proprietor of the store sternly took the clerk to task.

"What in the world did you do a think like that for?" he peevishly exclaimed. "You don't know the man, and he will never come back with that 50 cents."

"Oh, yes, he will be back all right," was the smiling assurance of the youthful clerk.

"You seem very certain of it," cried the displeased boss. "What grounds have you for thinking so?"

"The boots that I wrapped up for him," responded the foxy clerk, "are both for the left foot."—Christian Endeavor World.

The Son's Answer.

After his son's great success with the "Dams aux Camellias" Alexandre Dumas wrote to him as though a stranger, congratulating him on the book and expressing a desire to make the author's acquaintance. "I myself am a literary man," said he in conclusion, "and you may have heard my name as the author of 'Monte Cristo.'"

Dumas was equal to the occasion. He wrote immediately in reply, expressing the great pleasure he would have in making the correspondent's acquaintance, principally on account of the high terms in which he had always heard his father speak of the author of "Monte Cristo."

Beethoven for the last seventeen years of his life could not hear a note of all the exquisite music he penned and suffered terribly from melancholia.

The Ideal.

Madge—Did he try to bathe you? Marjorie—Why, no, dear. He merely said I was the prettiest girl he'd ever met.—New York Times.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Caught.

A weary angler stole furtively into a fishmonger's shop and with a sigh threw his empty creel on the counter.

"Put a few fish in that," he said, "Put 'em up as if they had been caught today."

"Certainly, sir. How many?"

"Better make it three or four trout, it's best not to take home too many. People get so comfoundedly incredulous."

"Quite so, sir," agreed the fishmonger. "But—er—wouldn't you rather have salmon?"

"Salmon? Why salmon?"

"Well, sir—er—your wife called this evening, and I was to try and make you take home salmon because she likes it better than any other fish."—Everybody's Magazine.

What Every Woman Knows.

A Cleveland school teacher writes that she asked her class what was the difference between the expressions "a while" and "a time." Nobody seemed to have any idea on the subject. Finally the light of intelligence was seen to shine in the eyes of one little boy, and the teacher called upon him to save the intellectual honor of the class.

"I know, teacher," he cried eagerly. "When papa says he's going out for a while, mamma says she knows he's going out for a time!"

That's one way of looking at it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Do you set toward your wife as you did before you married her?"

"Exactly. I remember just how I used to act when I first fell in love with her. I used to hang over the fence in front of her house and gaze at her shadow on the curtain afraid to go in. And I set just the same way now when I get home late."—Herald & Presbyterian.

Two small boys looked on with amazement as a Pittsburgh ordinance officer threw some detective scales into the river.

"What's he doing that for?" asked the smaller one.

"Guess some vessel is going to weigh its anchor," confided his companion.—Buffalo Express.

Friend—I suppose this is even a more remarkable baby than the one you had last year.

Auto Friend—Oh, you bet he is! Far better model. Got a longer wheel-base, a better pair of lamps, and a very much louder horn.—Judge.

Patient—Isn't there some mistake about this bill you sent me?

Doctor—No, sir, it's correct—\$500.

Patient—To pay that bill will take every cent I have; I'll starve.

Doctor—Well, dining is what you need.—Boston Transcript.

This singular announcement was to be seen recently outside a certain place of worship:

"This evening the Rev. Mr. X. will preach his farewell sermon, and the choir will render a thanksgiving hymn specially composed for the occasion."

Blubb—That girl with the spectacles is an awful prude.

Slobba—Yes, that's the reason she wears spectacles. She's too modest to be seen with the naked eye.—Philadelphia Record.

"What sort of animal would you like to be if you had your choice?" asked Whig.

"I think I'd like to be kitty in a poker game," replied Jack Potts.—Philadelphia Record.

Hostess (at the party)—Miss Robins has no partner for this waltz. Would you mind dancing with her instead of with me?

The man—On the contrary, I shall be delighted.—Boston Transcript.

She—I'm afraid you couldn't support me in the style to which I've been accustomed.

He—Well, styles are always changing, aren't they?—Boston Transcript.

"Pray, what is there about a kiss. You so enjoy?" I asked a miss.

She smiled, then sorry said to me: "I like the sweet monotony."—Life.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. Direct all communications to—

Miss Z. M. TITUS, Esq.,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1914.

NOTES.

Rhode Island, from notes of John Barker, Esq. Taken from manuscript of Dr. Henry E. Turner, now in possession of the Newport Historical Society.

1636. Canonius and his nephew, Montomoni, give land to Roger Williams.

1637. Charles I. prohibits the emigration of Puritans from England to New England.

1638. Common Fence Point, neck of land, next Mr. Easton's house, to be fenced and to be a common field.

1640. Coddington, William, Governor.

1640. Coggeshall, John, Assistant.

1647. Charter from the Earl of Warwick went into effect.

1647. Coggeshall, John, 1st. President under II, died, Nov. 16, ag. 36.

1647. Coddington, Wm. Assistant.

1647. Clarke, Jeremiah, Treasurer.

1647. Council. Town, to consist of six persons, to manage town affairs and try minor cases.

1647. Courts. The President and assistant Conservators of Peace and Judges of Court of Trial, assisted by the Justices of Towns, in which they might sit.

1647. June 4. Canonius, Indian Sachem, died much respected and beloved.

1648. May. Coddington, William, chosen President; William Dyer presents charges against him; he does not appear.

1648. May. Clarke, Jeremiah, is elected to supply his place.

1649. Jan. 10. Charles I. beheaded at Whitehall, and Parliament abolishes monarchy.

1651. April 8. Charter obtained constituting William Coddington Governor of Rhode Island. The inhabitants on the Mudi refused submission.

1651. Clarke, Jeremiah, President in 1618, died in Newport.

1652. Coddington's charter acknowledged by Newport and Portsmouth, and John Richmond, Son, John Smith, Geo. Bliss, Henry Hobson, Henry Timberlake and Bartholomew Hunt elected assistants.

1653. March. Coddington's charter repudiated by a meeting of the inhabitants at Portsmouth.

1657. Conant island purchased of Indians.

1660. May 29. Charles II. restored.

1663. July 8. Charter granted by King Charles II.

1663-4. Cranston, Capt. John, Licensed as Surgeon.

1664. Conant. The great comet appears from Nov. 17 to Feb. 4.

1672. Cranston, John, Deputy Governor.

1673. Cranston, John, made military commander in chief.

1674. Church, Benjamin, removed from Duxbury to Seconnet. 1st settler.

1676. Cranston, Capt. John, Chief Captain of Colony forces.

1678. Church, Capt. Benj., in Plymouth Colony's service, performs great exploits.

1676. April 20. Clarke, Doct. John, died, ag. 68.

1678. Cardor, Richard, one of the 18, died at Newport.

1678. Nav. Coddington died, ag. 73.

1683. Mar. 12. Cranston, John, Gov. died. Poley Sanford elected in his place.

John Cranston was a physician, son of Rev. James, clerk and chaplain to Charles I.

1681. July 8. Clifton, Thos., drowned, ag. 76.

1681. Wm., son of late Wm., Gov., elected Governor.

(To be continued.)

Queries.

7611. KELLY, BUNTON—Ancestry desired of Elizabeth (or Betsey) Kelly, who married John Bunton of Smithfield, R. I. She was born in 1755.—H. H.

7612. MASON, KIRBY—Jonathan Mason, b. June 3, 1765, married Mary Kirby (b. 1763) at Cumberland, R. I., in May 1790. Names of parents of each desired.—W. B.

7613. WHITFORD—John Whitford, of Exeter, R. I., had a wife, Martha, and their dau. Mercy Whitford married Daniel Gill, Jr., of West Greenwich, R. I., in Exeter, R. I., Jan. 1, 1780. Did John Whitford serve in the Revolution?—S. M.

7614. STANTON—Information concerning the Rev. record of Joshua Stanton, born in R. I. The town of Stonington, Conn., is said to have been named for his ancestors.—C. C.

7615. SAWYER, HALL—Manassah Sawyer married about 1835, Chole Hall, who was b. in Croymen, N. H., 1737. He was b. Sept. 1758. His father served in the Rev. and at one time lived in Scituate Mass. What was his given name? Where and when was Manassah born? He died in Georgia, Vt., in 1837.—F. M.

7616. BASSETT—Did the John Bassett of New Haven, who was born in 1717 serve in the Revolution?—K. N.

7617. HITCHCOCK—Did the Samuel Hitchcock, of Hamden, Conn., who died in 1817, serve in the Revolution?—D. B.

7618. WILKINSON, WARREN—Joseph Wilkinson married Hannah Warren, Oct. 17, 1733, in Walpole, Mass. Afterward lived in Stoughton, Mass. Who were the parents of Hannah Warren?—A. E.

7619. KING—Wanted Ancestry of Colonel Samuel King of Chesterfield, N. H., said to be son of Dr. Samuel King and to have removed from Peter-

sham, Mass., in 1773. Peterham records give marriage of a Samuel King of Templeton to Molly Whitney of Peterham in 1773.—E. P. K.

7620. TUBER, HOWLAND—Who was the Captain John Tuber who was married Feb. 2, 1773, to Penelope Howland, daughter of Joseph and Sarah (Barker) Howland, by Rev. Gardner Thurston "Swansea Friends."—C. A. T. T.

ANSWERS.

7590. STILLMAN—In the Mercury of Jan'y 7th. (I think) G. H. In Query No. 7590 asks if George Stillman, Sr., served in the Rev. I have seen no reply to it. I will say that there is no record of his having served in the war of the Revolution. His son Geo. IV., who married Esther Stillman dau. of Joseph, did serve in that war. He enlisted as ensign in 18th. Reg. of R. I. in 1777 and was Col. of the Reg. when the war closed in 1783.

Joseph Stillman, son of Joseph and Mary Maxson, and who married Eunice Stillman, was appointed one of three consulting officers by the R. I. Assembly, June 19, 1777 to procure troops for the army. This is all of the Military record that we have of that family. As Col. George was son of Geo. 3rd., perhaps it may answer his purpose. There is no record that Joseph, that married Elizabeth Maxson was ever in the service.—E. C. S.

7593. WHIPPLE—I can tell the wife of David (2) Whipple; will furnish a type written history of him for \$1. I don't know about the grand daughter Rebecca, I never looked for her.—N. R. F.

Rhode Island Veterans in Civil Life.

(From the Flag Day Annual issued by Walter E. Ranger, Commissioner of Public Schools.)

(The following examples are only a few taken from many hundreds among the Union veterans of Rhode Island, who have rendered conspicuous public service in civil life during the past fifty years.)

Ambrose Everett Barnside.—Born in Liberty, Indiana, May 23, 1824; Commander of the Army of the Potomac, 1862-1863; Governor of Rhode Island, 1867-1869; and United States Senator, 1875-1881; died in Bristol, R. I., September 8, 1881.

Nelson W. Aldrich.—Born in Foster, November 6, 1811; private in the Tenth Regiment Rhode Island Volunteers; served in the City Council of Providence, as State Representative, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and as Representative and Senator in Congress.

Adin B. Capron.—Born in Mendon, Massachusetts, January 9, 1811; served as Major in the United States Signal Corps; State Representative, Speaker of the House of Representatives Rhode Island, and Representative in Congress; died in Stillwater, Rhode Island, March 17, 1911.

Oscar Lapham.—Born in Burrillville, June 29, 1837; Captain of Company K, Twelfth Regiment Rhode Island Volunteers; engaged in the battle of Fredericksburg; and served as State Senator and Representative in Congress.

Charles H. Page.—Born in Gloucester, July 19, 1843; served as Private in Company A, Twelfth Regiment Rhode Island Volunteers; as State Representative and Senator; and Representative in Congress; died in Providence, July 21, 1912.

Henry J. Spooner.—Born in Providence, August 6, 1839; First Lieutenant and Adjutant in the Fourth Regiment Rhode Island Volunteers; engaged in the battle of South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Siege at Petersburg; served as State Representative, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Representative in Congress.

Parson E. Gillingham.—Born in West Greenwich, December 10, 1836; Quarter Master Sergeant Twelfth Rhode Island Volunteers; served as State Representative and Senator; Associate Justice and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; died in Pawtucket, February 9, 1905.

John H. Stiness.—Born in Providence, August 9, 1810; Lieutenant in the Second Regiment of New York; served as State Representative, Associate Justice and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island; died in Providence, September 6, 1913.

William W. Douglas.—Born in Providence, November 26, 1811; Captain in the Fifth Regiment Rhode Island Heavy Artillery; engaged in the battle of Roanoke Island, Newbern and Fort Mearns; served in the City Council of Providence; as State Senator; Associate Justice and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

George A. Wilbur.—Born in Burrillville, August 4, 1832; served as Captain of Company K, Seventh Regiment Rhode Island Volunteers; engaged in the battle of Fredericksburg, Vicksburg and Jackson, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Weldon Railroad, Poplar Springs Church, Hatcher's Run; served as Judge of the District Court, State Senator and Associate Justice of the Supreme Court; died in Woonsocket, June 9, 1906.

Horatio Rogers.—Born in Providence, May 18, 1836; Brigadier-General of the United States Volunteers; engaged in the capture of Fort Pulaski and in the campaign of James Island, South Carolina; served as State Representative; and Associate Justice of the Supreme Court; died in Providence, November 12, 1911.

Albert C. Howard.—Born in Cranston, February 23, 1828; Captain of Company E, Eleventh Regiment Rhode Island Volunteers; served as State Representative, Senator and Lieutenant Governor; died in Atlanta, Ga., July 3, 1910.

Henry T. Sisson.—Born in Fall River, Massachusetts, August 20, 1831; served as Colonel in the Fifth Rhode Island Heavy Artillery; engaged in the battles of Bull Run and Little Washington; served as Lieutenant-Governor of Rhode Island; died in East Providence, October 13, 1910.

Edwin R. Allen.—Born in Windham, Connecticut, November 26, 1840; First Lieutenant in the Seventh Regiment Rhode Island Volunteers; engaged in the battles of Fredericksburg, Vicksburg and Jackson, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Mechanicsville, Bethesda Church, Hatcher's Run and Petersburg; served as Town Clerk, State Senator and Lieutenant Governor.

Samuel R. Honey.—Born in England, 1812; served in the Thirty-Third United States Infantry; engaged in the battles of Jonesboro, Hoover's Gap, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Graysville, Buzzard's Roost, Resaca, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek; served as Mayor of Newport; Representative, and Lieutenant Governor.

Miller Heaters Great Companions These Days.

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We call it that because of all times in the year this is the time when we withdraw. Stock-taking always brings to light a sad, sad sight—lost-overs, remnants mismatched and mismatched articles—all of which must be cleaned out if they have to be sent to the auction rooms—we give you the first chance. If you can use them, that's your gain, for the price is always a more fraction of the real worth.

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Savings Bank of Newport.

INCORPORATED A. D. 1819.

	Jan'y. 17. 1913.	Jan'y. 16. 1914.	Increase.
Deposits	\$9,235,653.03	\$9,455,094.93	\$219,441.95
Surplus	\$12,570.87	\$43,261.67	35,690.80

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

Election of Officers.

Newport Firemen's Relief Association.

President—Chief Engineer Andrew J. Kirwin.

Vice President—Assistant Engineer Joseph S. Lawton.

Secretary—Lewis L. Simmons.

Treasurer—Thomas W. Wood.

Relief Committee—Michael F. Murphy, Board of Firewards, George H. Kirby, Engine Company No. 1, George S. Gilliam, Engine Company No. 2, Patrick Devine, Hose Company No. 3, Frank S. Patterson, Engine Company No. 4, Albert W. Almy, Engine Company No. 5, James M. Kirwin, Engine Company No. 6, Thomas J. Potter, Hose Company No. 7, James W. Millington, Hook and Ladder Company No. 8, Michael Harrington, Jr., Hook and Ladder Company No. 9, Frank H. Whitman, Combination Company No. 1, John J. Murphy, Combination Company No. 2.

Adding Committee—Joseph S. Lawton, J. Henry Brown, Henry B. Orr.

St. Joseph's Holy Name Society.

President—Joseph Meusler.

Vice President—John Corson.

Secretary—Francis J. Harrington.

Chaplain and Treasurer—Rev. John F. M. Laughlin.

Court of Probate Middletown, R. I.

January 19, A. D. 1914.

Estate of Sarah C. Coggeshall.

HARRIET B. CHASE, the Guardian of the person and estate of Sarah C. Coggeshall, Widow, a person of full age, presents to this Court, her sixth account with said estate, and thereon prays that the same may be examined, allowed and recorded.

Said account contains a credit for the proceeds from the sale of certain real estate of said Sarah C. Coggeshall, authorized by said Court. It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in the city of Middletown, on Monday, the sixteenth day of February next, A. D. 1914, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least in the Newport Mercury.

1-24-14 ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk

Judge Hugh Barkly Baker will return to Newport to reside and will open an office here for the practice of law.

To get rid of indigestion, biliousness, constipation or torpid liver without disturbing the stomach or purging the bowels, take a few doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills, they will please you.

Delinquent Taxpayers.

NOTICE.

The undersigned hereby gives public notice that all taxes assessed for the year 1913 which have become due and payable at the close of business.

FEBRUARY 20, 1914,

Will be collected by levy and public sale of the real estate upon which the said unpaid taxes are a lien, and all costs incident thereto will be added to the original claim.

E. W. HIGGEE,
Collector of Taxes.
Newport, R. I., Jan. 20, 1914.—1-24

(Lost Pass-Book.)

TITLE UNDEVELOPED does hereby give notice that Pass-Book No. 10,116, issued to Rebecca H. Wood of Newport, R. I., by Newport Branch Industrial Trust Company, in its participation Department, has been destroyed, and that said Rebecca H. Wood has made written application for the issue of a duplicate book therefor in accordance with the provisions of Chapter 533 of the Public Laws, passed by the General Assembly at its January Session, A. D. 1910, entitled "An Act in addition to Chapter 533 of the General Laws, entitled 'General Provisions'."—1-23-14 REBECCA H. WOOD.

The Art Association of Newport

Announces

An Illustrated Lecture

—IN THE—

Rogers High School Lecture Hall

Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8 P. M.

—BY—

John W. Alexander, Esq.,

President of the National Academy of Design, Trustee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Vice-President of the National Society of Natural Painters, President of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, Vice-President of the American Federation of Arts, etc., etc.

The Association invites the public to attend. There will be no charge for admission. 1-17-24

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In effect Sept. 15, 1913.

A car will leave Washington Square Week Days at 7:40 a. m. making close connection through to Providence by the way of Bristol arriving at Union Station, Providence, at 9:30 a. m. The other trips through the day will remain the same, leaving Newport at 50 minutes past the hour until 5:50 p. m. SUNDAYS connecting through to Providence leaving Newport each hour from 8:50 a. m. to 7:50 p. m.

G. W. TOWLE,

Superintendent